



# THE BRIGADIER

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\*\*\*SPECIAL EDITION\*\*\*

## The Citadel Celebrates 175th Corps Day

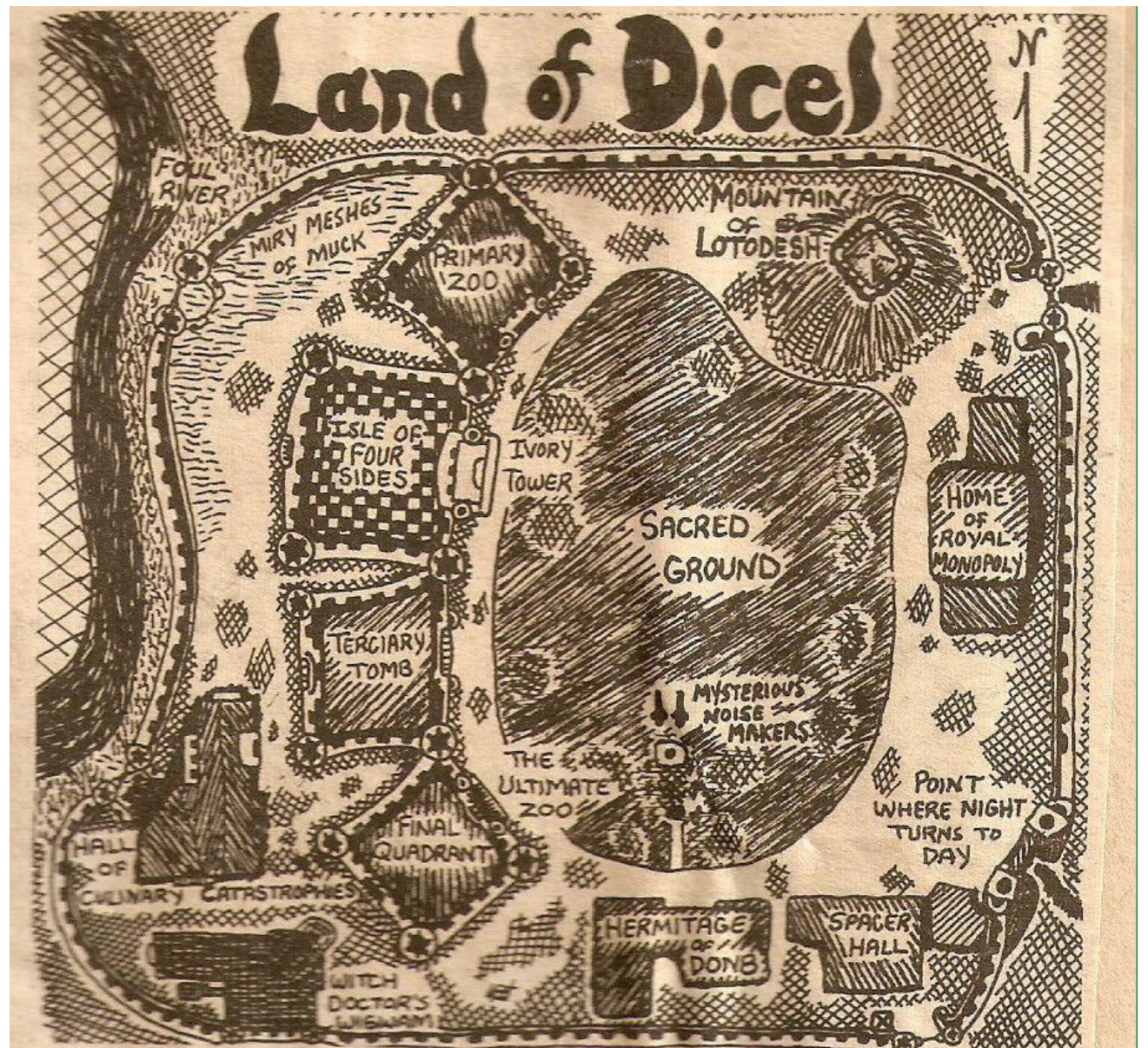


### THE ORIGINAL SCARLET PIMPERNEL HOTEL HELL '73

It has been two score and seven since this attempt to record and report the never ending follies, frivolities, and foolishness that is The Land of Dixel was created by your Chief Scribe, The Scarlet Pimpernel. Know then, that is he, who offers greetings to the Scrop and all true Ex-Sensori on this the Century and Three Quarters Anniversary of the founding of Dixel.

Answering the pleas of those who toil for the realm's fish wrapper, I have put Quill to Parchment to cry for the enlightenment of the Castes and my fellow Ex-Sensori. What is to become of Dixel?

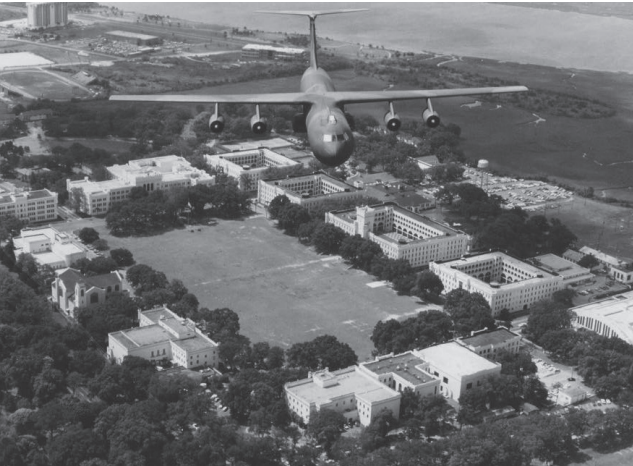
My Scrop, Dixel is yours, it is a moment in time, different from that of those who preceded you and those that will follow. Guard it, for change does not always bring benefit.



Pleadings by the Castes for relief within the Hall of Culinary Catastrophes have been answered (perhaps spurred on by the sharpness of the inspectors eye and the deficient numbers in the subsequent report) but KARMA is a quirky wench. The end result may be yet another facet of the Trials That Turn Bonks into Phormesos and Sensori into legends will disappear from MY Dixel.

Answer me this, all who wear and all who aspire to obtain the Golden Band of MY Land (not the cheap DAILY version.) At what point should we acknowledge that Dixel has become that what we always claimed it to be -- an anachronism in search of an audience. Since we no longer strive to produce Soldiers but only Citizens, is Dixel doomed to become AGGIELAND EAST or even worse, TIGERTOWN SOUTH?





Dire are the Storm Clouds that are circling the land of my youth. Since the Hermit of Donb and I were emancipated (yes, he is my castemate) innumerable changes have come to Dichel, some good, some bad. The recent claims by the Devine Bovine that she is the distaff ancestor of MY fellow Ex-Sensori is the latest abhorrent aberration to spew forth from within the walls of Dichel. As one of my successors noted, she left our land of her own free will and accord. Her now much exalted return was exceptionally distasteful to those who were required to endure the circus of her matriculation in addition to the hardship inherent In the life of the Scrop. In the style of a fellow observer of Dichel, WHY?

Allow me to enumerate for Ex-Sensori who may be as uninformed as I once was, some of the slides down the slippery slope that have occurred in Dichel.

Casual and ugly raiment at Gridiron Trials

Improper placement of Screechers within The Players of Musical Instruments

Out of Kingdom travel to Trials of Strength in attire suitable for spas

Self Shining Footwear

Reduction of Daily Mandatory Gatherings

Shorting of the Period of Bonk Subservience

Priests in the Primary Zoo, Ivory Tower, Tertiary Tomb, Final Quadrant and Quintuple Quandary

Instances of unfaithfulness by the Priests of Lo-todesh

The creation of the K & W system in The Hall of Culinary Catastrophes

The Conquering Heroine return of the Devine Bovine

Yes, I know that the Dichel of now Is not, nor will ever be again, the Dichel of old, but I implore my fellow Ex-Sensori to be mindful of the changes in the realm. Dichel's value is that it is a severe, difficult and stringent "path less followed." OUR Dichel will have NO value If it does become TIGERTOWN SOUTH.

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PICTURED FRONT: "Land of Dichel" illustration by Ray Mayer '74. Originally published 5/5/1972  
PICTURED LEFT: Photo taken from **The Original Scarlet Pimpernel** facebook page.

***The Brigadier Promise***

The Brigadier will always be first and foremost, for and about The Citadel and the South Carolina Corps of Cadets. We as cadets will never write anything to discredit our alma mater and any criticism of it or its members will be fair and constructive. We promise to report objectively, putting our personal beliefs aside to present an accurate record of events to our readers who deserve nothing less. We will maintain the integrity of this time honored Citadel tradition.

-Rhaei Brown  
Editor in Chief, *The Brigadier*

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The rumors of the death of *The Brigaidier* have been greatly exaggerated. We are seeking new staff members and accept unsolicited announcements and contributions.

Find us on Facebook: **The Citadel Brigadier**  
Instagram: **@theofficialbrigadier**

Editor's Note: *The Brigadier* is the official student newspaper of the South Carolina Corps of Cadets. It is published primarily on ***thebrigadier.org*** as of January 2018 by members of the Corps of Cadets. Only special issues will be printed twice a year. *The Brigadier* serves the interests of the Corps of Cadets. Views and opinions expressed by individuals in editorials, cartoons, and other content are not necessarily those of the staff of *The Brigadier*, the Corps of Cadets, or The Citadel. Editorial articles are unofficial opinions of the paper and its executive editorial staff. Discrepancies with material in *The Brigadier* should be expressed to the staff advisor or Editor-in-Chief, NOT individual staff members. Unsigned responses will not be printed. Reproduction in print is allowed only with direct permission from the Editor-in-Chief.

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## Letter From The Editor

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In this historic edition of The Brigadier we explore different stories and perspectives about The Citadel's past, present, and future in celebration of the 175th Corps Day and the Recognition Day of the Class of 2021. There is a theme of *change* that runs throughout the pages of this publication, which is fitting because it evokes nostalgia and reflective consideration from both the readers of today, and likely from the readers who will find this in the archives years from now.

We have captured a pivotal moment in time here at the Citadel as we continue to implement changes that many deem drastic and we prepare for many more, most notably, the departure of Lt Gen. John W. Rosa (USAF Ret.) who has been the longest serving Citadel President with over 12 years of service. During the time of this publication, there are currently four candidates for the next president: General Dan Allyn, U.S. Army (Ret.), General Robert B. Brown, U.S. Army, Lieutenant General Michael Ferriter, U.S. Army (Ret.) '79, and General Glenn M. Walters, U.S. Marine Corps '79.

We are honored to present to you submissions from alumni who support The Brigadier and the Corps of Cadets. Many of our readers may be surprised to find that the living Citadel legend that is The Original Scarlet Pimpernel has graced us with his first decree in over 27 years! For those unfamiliar with him, he is the infamous, notorious, and anonymous scribe and historian of the Corps of Cadets. Traditionally, the mantle is passed down to a Senior Private with a book of secrets and codes and the task of satirically criticizing the happenings of The Corps.

The Brigadier itself has undergone significant changes, as we have fought back from the brink of death. We went from a staff of 6 knobs last year, to building a website and a 500+ facebook following in a matter of months this year. Moving forward, we hope to establish and expand new platforms that will sustain this tradition for years to come. Here's to another 175 years of The Citadel!

-Rhaei Brown  
Editor in Chief, *The Brigadier*

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## Major "New Corps" Changes

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The Citadel prides itself as a school of traditions. It has existed for 175 years with the express purpose of molding cadets into leaders of principle in all walks of life. However, to alumni of the infamous "Old Corps" who return, The Citadel and the "New Corps" may seem to be almost an entirely different school.

Since its founding in 1842, there have been many substantial changes to The Citadel. Returning alumni may be shocked to discover that the barracks now have air conditioning and that every student has a computer in their room. Fortunately the mold and asbestos\* still provide the same lived-in, homey feeling that every cadet loves. On Monday and Thursday mornings the entire Corps of Cadets form up at 0520 and conduct Regimental Physical Training. There are also PT tests held once a semester which can greatly impact cadet life. Failure to pass will result in being put on Remedial PT which requires you to wake up every weekday morning for PT and also can restrict leave and affect your rank boards. Also on Mondays and Thursdays, cadets now where Army Combat Uniforms (ACUs), instead of the Duty uniform. This has led to many dubbing Mondays and Thursdays "Pajama Days".

No longer are white slips actual white slips of paper, the entire discipline system has been moved entirely online to a flawlessly functioning piece of computer engineering known as the Cadet Accountability System, known affectionately to cadets as CAS. This system allows the school to keep tabs on students everywhere they go, giving those cadets with punishments the exciting task of electronically signing into restrictions every hour throughout the entire weekend, and giving all cadets ease of access in doing their duty of being able to report a wide variety of infractions that fellow cadets may commit. To clearly provide the expectations for cadets as part of the Citadel Training Model, a rule for everything that could be thought of, including the fourth-class system, is contained within an ever-expanding Blue Book (Currently at 71 pages).

Any "Old Corps" alumni who have only recently ventured back onto campus may also be aghast to discover that Recognition Day is now held before graduation. For years it had been

moved up and placed on the first weekend of April to allow more time for newly recognized fourth-class cadets to receive invaluable Cadet Corporal Academy Leadership Training Programs (LTP's), begin to acclimate to what life as a sophomore, otherwise known as a "smack", will be like, and to sit plenty of guard. Starting last year and continuing this year, as all who are on campus this weekend will see, Recognition Day is now held concurrently with Corps Day, a full two weeks before the first weekend of April and a little more than a month before graduation. The decision has been hotly debated by alumni and cadets alike, with concern of how it could affect discipline and its long-lasting effects on the Fourth-Class System as a whole.

The latest departure from the "Old Corps" ways was announced right before Spring Break, which is the end of Family-style meals in favor of a speed-line format. The speed-line concept has already been in limited use for all dinners, weekends, and breakfasts after Monday and Thursday Regimental PT. However, Cadets will now have a certain window of time to come eat every meal. The second floor of Coward Hall will now be reserved for Seniors as a sort of "First Class" lounge, while the first floor will seat the rest of the Corps, with knobs segregated onto their own side of the chow hall. Sedexco, the currently contracted food provider for The Citadel, is promising the addition of several new food bar options for the speedline format to allow cadets to better control their diets. While accountability formations will still be held around the usual times, there will no longer be any "marches to mess", nor will there be any Mess Carvers or Mess Facts as knobs will never have to eat with upperclassmen in a normal schedule.

Despite all the changes The Citadel has gone through, good and bad alike, some things remain the same however. Every class can remember the sound of Home Sweet Home playing on bagpipes playing as they brace for the last time on their Recognition Day, of the leadership they learned through good and bad leaders alike, and how the Citadel helped shape each of them to be who they are today. Complaining about everything remains a popular pastime for all cadets, knobs still brace, pop off knob knowledge, and square their meals, and most importantly, leaders of quality continue to graduate and wear the ring.

-Matthew Hammond



## Chaplain's Corner



**CONFESSION: IT'S GOOD FOR THE SOUL!**  
(© all rights reserved)  
**Chaplain Joe Molina CDR, UMSC / Chaplain to the Corps of Cadets**

During The dark days of the Cold War an archeological expedition headed by Soviet scientists was given a mummy by the Egyptian government. They carefully prepared it for shipping and sent it back to the Soviet Union for further study. Among other things, the scientists wanted to determine the mummy's age. However, the scientists were rudely pushed aside by the notorious Soviet secret police (KGB) who insisted, "Leave it to us; we'll find out."

After a few days, the secret police made the astonishing announcement that the mummy's age was 3,402 years.

"That is amazing comrades," cried the Soviet scientists. "How did you ever determine it?" "That was easy," reported the secret police. "The mummy confessed."

I know...it's a lousy joke but there is a moral to the story: A little confession is good for the soul! Please, don't get me wrong. I'm not promoting some sectarian form of "confession." I am not espousing a ritualistic or formal religious expression of the practice of confession.

However, if the formal, religious expression appeals to the reader...then practice it, and do so faithfully, by all means!

What I am promoting here is the practice of "dumping." That is, we all need a place to go defuse. We all need a "confessional" and a "confessor." All of us (chaplains included) need a place to go and express our deepest longings, our most profound desires, our morbid guilt and sometimes our deepest fears. This soul-purging or mental enema (be careful with that one) can do much to lighten our burden and identify new opportunities to either begin again or find new energies for the journey.

Nevertheless, this should not be a one-way monologue. We must not just "speak into the wind." At the receiving end of this confessional experience, there must be a receptive ear. There should be a listener who has genuine concern for us. A diary or a journal may be a good place to record feelings, experiences and thoughts. However, monologue must turn into dialogue.

This person (your confessor) should be a person handpicked by you. It should be a person that has proven their loyalty and has your confidence. He or she should be a person that has demonstrated maturity and wisdom in their speech and actions. Your trusted friend should not be a "yes" man/woman. In other words, allow that person to "agree to disagree" if necessary. Please, make sure that your "listener" has your permission to offer his/her advice. This should not be a judgmental person. Allow your trusted friend to freely offer an opinion and sometimes

clearly point out to you if what you are thinking or doing is right or wrong. However, don't necessarily expect advice (nor demand it). Sometimes it is just good to have someone "listen" to us attentively. Being able to just speak and be heard can be comforting. One other thing, make sure, be certain, that your thoughts will be guarded and kept in the strictest of confidence.

There is a general consensus among clergy and mental health professionals that "confessing" is good (for the soul). Note that there can be some downside for not exercising this opportunity. These may be some of the negative effects when we "bottle up" thoughts that need to be expressed:

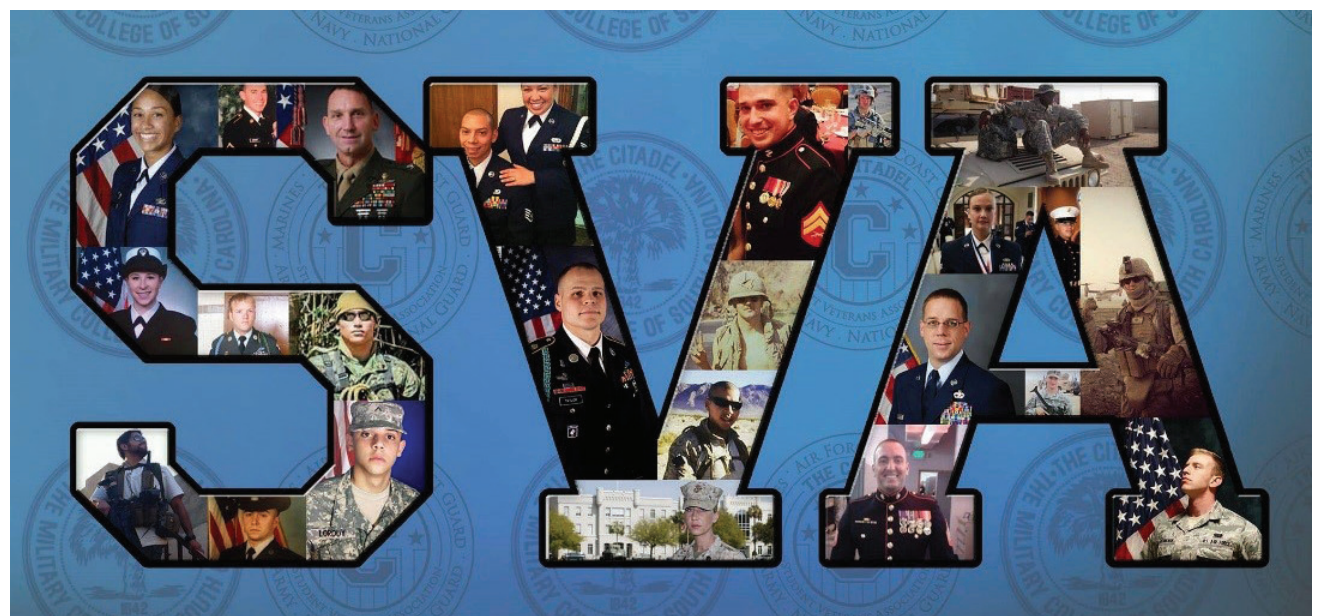
Feelings of being overwhelmed by the conditions of life.

Making bad decisions and further complicating existing problems.

Possible depression by holding back and not seeking guidance.

In extreme cases entertaining unhealthy thoughts that seek to truly diminish, if not eliminate, our potential for happiness and success in life.

My experience has been that confession with a trusted confidant can be an additional way to experience the grace of God. God can work through people. And... oh by the way, be prepared to lend a listening ear for someone who may need to unload (confess) on you.



PICTURED ABOVE: Citadel Student Veterans Association  
Follow them on Instagram: @citadelveterans



## Recognition Day is in May

“For if a man live many years, Let him rejoice in them all, And remember the days of darkness...”  
Ecclesiastes 11:8

My time as a knob was spent in those days of darkness. This time, though miserable, shaped my worldview and personality in ways that I am still discovering. Putting aside the Old Corps rhetoric, the error in diminishing Corps Day, the farce of the crucial corporal academy and the reality that the continued erosion of our traditions hamstring vital alumni donations, early Recognition Day cheats fourth class cadets out of this dreadful but precious time.

Over the last few years, Recognition Day has been incrementally advanced from the original time in May. Like most change at our school, the process was gradual and veiled by claimed necessity. The reasoning and excuses offered by the administration were shifting and varied each year as Recognition Day was steadily moved earlier and earlier. The explanations were generally based on alleged scheduling issues and amounted to banal nonsense attempting to justify why a system that worked for over half a century suddenly needed to be changed.

The loss of roughly one third of the knob experience has already been accepted by many grads (although most seem unaware that it happened). Some are willing to agree to any change at our school, others actually buy this year’s gibberish that the corporal academy is all of a sudden necessary, some are understandably loyal to friends and classmates in the administration, others have long ago mourned the death of our school and yet still others point out that those two months did not really matter, they were not really that hard. They argue that those last two months, compared to the time before, were: easy.

It is true that by March, most of the quitters have quit and the System becomes as routine as it ever will. Those remaining months provide time for classmates, now acclimated with college-level academics, grueling athletic schedules and the Fourth Class System, to grow and bond in a way that they simply do not get to do while trying to survive and endure those initial challenges. This is not to suggest that the recent class-

es that have experienced Recognition Day earlier are somehow less cohesive than those that came before, but these recent classes, this year’s knob class and those to come, are quite simply being cheated. They are being cheated of one-third of their time together, time of shared adversity, time of being tested, time being the same rank, time at the absolute bottom, time to laugh together, time to cry together, time over the forge, time to endure hardship and suffer - time in the days of darkness.

Cadets have three years’ time to learn and grow as upperclassmen. The entire experience is one awful corporal academy. Those of us that came before know all too well that the scattering of those you braced with after knob year is second only to the dispersion following graduation. Upperclassmen focus on academics, sports, rank, job searches and getting into trouble, they join staff, clubs, internships, religious groups, study abroad, etc. The uniformity, familiarity and intimacy of knob year vanishes with the exchange of first names, never to reappear. Savor the days when your chins in, they are fleeting and once the wounds of knob year heal, the scars will make you smile and eventually appreciate your short time wearing a silver four. We need not make that time any shorter.

The timing of the System was never broken, it needed no fixing. Reducing the time of knob year flies in the face of tradition, belies common sense and offers no benefit to our school, our alumni or our cadets. Recognition Day is in May. We must fix this or lose something else truly special. May G-D bless The Citadel and the Class of 2004. It’s NEVER too late to quit!

Forever Casual,  
Jeffrey Cunningham ‘04  
2004 Brigadier Editor-in-Chief

EDITOR’S NOTE: Mr. Cunningham wrote in response to our invitation on our facebook page to all Brigadier Staff Alumni to write articles for this very special edition of The Brigadier. His views do not necessarily reflect our own. In order to maintain a balanced tone, we asked a knob to write an article from a different perspective. Rather than pushing a side, we leave it to you, our loyal readers, to draw your own conclusion to this long-time debate: “Old Corps vs New Corps”

## The Beginning of a Process

For years now there has been a certain... controversy over the practice of Recognition Day. The event in which the members of the Corps of Cadets come together to bring knobs to the final realization of their acceptance into the corps. In year’s past, Recognition Day was not until May, after graduation, but the institution has now pushed it back to mid-March. However, even after setting Recognition Day back two and a half months, **The Citadel still has the longest lasting 4th Class System in the nation!** The Military Academies, like West Point, and the other Senior Military Colleges such as Texas A&M, Norwich, and even VMI have shortened their 4th Class systems to anywhere around just 1 week to only a semester long before recognition.

The idea behind recognition being earlier has nothing to do with getting rid of “the Old-Corps,” but it allows the fourth-classmen a chance to observe and acquaint themselves with some of their upper-classmen before the next year begins. New clerks, armorers, and squad corporals, especially on cadre, should not be expected to be effective leaders if they have not yet had an opportunity to learn or practice being a leader. The idea of knob year is to train a cadet to be the perfect follower, and the idea of recognition is to show them that privilege is something earned with hard work and diligence.

Recognition is the beginning of the end of the first step of a lifelong process, and to enhance that process, it has been set earlier to allow the freshmen of the new class a chance to learn what having personal accountability is like without the full responsibilities of rank or privileges. Freshmen after recognition learn the duties of sophomore corporals and privates, and they start being integrated into the duty rosters for battalions and Regimental Guard. It is part of the training to become successful 3rd class cadets. Instead of dropping them headfirst into something entirely new; it makes the transition from knob to human easier for the entire Corps. The Citadel is well known for the breed of persons they bring through the college and is still very prestigious to this day; nothing can take away the model man or woman that the Citadel molds.

-Charles Carter, M’21

Honoring Joseph Shine

Citadel Class of 1971 remembers second African-American graduate, Joseph Shine. More than 50 years after his matriculation, The Citadel community will gather to remember Joseph Shine and discuss the perseverance and class unity it took for him to complete knob year as the second African-American cadet to matriculate to The Citadel.

The presentation in Shine’s honor will take place from 8 – 9:15 a.m. and 11 a.m. – 12:15 p.m. on March 23 in Summerall Chapel. Speakers at the event will include two of Shine’s Kilo Company classmates, Jim Lockridge and Tip Hargrove, as well as Larry Furguson, Ph.D., Class of 1973.

Blazing a new trail at The Citadel. In 1967, Shine became the second African-American cadet to matriculate to The Citadel (after Charles Foster in 1966) and the only African-American member of the Class of 1971 South Carolina Corps of Cadets. Shine was a history major and honor student who had an Air Force ROTC scholarship and was on regimental staff his senior year. He was also a founding member of the college’s African American Society. After graduating from The Citadel, he entered Harvard Law School where he graduated in 1974. He later earned a master’s in business administration from Southern Illinois University and worked in the office of the Secretary of the Air Force.

Shine was an attorney for the city of Charleston between 1976 and 1987, then served as South Carolina’s chief deputy attorney general from 1987 until 1993 when he became the first legal counsel for the state’s Budget and Control Board. He remained with the Budget and Control Board until 2002. At the time of his death in 2003, he was general counsel for the Savannah River Site and a newly appointed member to The Citadel Board of Visitors.

-Citadel Office of Communication and Marketing

Congratulations to the Class of 2021

Intramurals Leaderboard

Overall Rankings	BOV Points
Oscar	1456
F-Troop	1425
Mike	1403
First Battalion	BOV Points
Delta	1234
Alpha	1012
Charlie	978
Bravo	892
Second Battalion	BOV Points
F-Troop	1425
Echo	1244
Golf	1087
Hotel	939
Band Company	810
Third Battalion	BOV Points
Mike	1403
India	1145
Lima	1133
Kilo	697
Fourth Battalion	BOV Points
Oscar	1456
Romeo	1323
November	1185
Tango	1009
Fifth Battalion	BOV Points
Papa	1353
Palmetto Battery	1186
Victor	1133
Sierra	1023

“Why Are You Here?!”

I remember coming out of my room on the first division to say goodbye to my parents and seeing my dad speaking to a cadet who was wearing a red sash. I would later find out that it was my 1st Sgt. He was very respectful knowing my dad was probably asking ridiculous questions. I waited behind my screen door not daring to walk onto the quad or approach the two. Matriculation Day was hot, humid, and there was so much to take in. I said my goodbyes with my eyes scanning the battalion. I don’t think I even looked my parents in the eyes or saw them exit through the sally port.

My next memory is standing in line behind the barber shop with my Guidon inches from my face, arm at a 90-degree angle. I finally made it inside and I thanked God for the air conditioning. I sat down in the chair and my roommate sat in the one next to me. Our Company Commander was standing in front of us talking to one of the other barbers. Suddenly I saw my Company Commander make a beeline for my roommate and scream “That is a female!” The whole room froze and out of the corner of my eye, I saw that my roommate had the middle section of her head buzzed off. All I could think was I wonder if she is going to have to pay for that?

**Hell week.** So much screaming. I remember going to bed every night and still hearing them scream in my ears. It would be a memory that would play over and over again for several weeks until I could adjust to the screaming.

**“Why are you here?” “Why are you here?” “You are ruining my school.” “You have no military bearing.” “Why is my hair shorter than yours?” “Why are you here?” “Leave my school.” “Why do you get to come to school for free when I have to pay?”**

I didn’t understand the reasoning behind their questions or comments. What century were we living in that these guys thought women were not equal to them? The worst thing was when my classmates started asking me the same questions. How were we getting along in the beginning and then suddenly they were turning on all the females? I never got an answer to that question. Parent’s weekend, Thanksgiving, and winter furlough came and went and I came back every time. Each time my male classmates and upper-classmen met me with disgust and hatred. I still couldn’t figure out what I had done to make them so angry about my presence.

By February my roommate had quit and I had been given a new roommate. She was a godsend. She was a *legacy* and taught me more than my own company mates ever had or would. She also taught me not to sweat the small stuff. Her advice was “Just figure it out why you are here and everything else will fall into place. They can’t kill you.” And so I did. It wasn’t a quick fix but day by day I would reflect on what I was supposed to be learning and who I wanted to be and



23 March 2018

## The BVA Experience

Discipline, pain, and physical strain. As a Citadel cadet, knob year pushed and challenged me in new ways I had never experienced. Many ask what inspired and drove me to go through that, and more again as a Bond Volunteer Aspirant. What was my why, my inspiration embarking on such a challenge. For some it was simply the challenge and the struggle, others sought to revive their high school glory days, and some even aimed to honor the memory of those who came before. A range of emotions and desire lead each one of us differently but ultimately the same. Socrates said, "It is a shame for a man to grow old without seeing the beauty and strength of which his body is capable". I think that is ultimately the greatest motivation, to put yourself in the most uncomfortable, physically strenuous and most challenging training program the Citadel has to offer, and to uncover what drives you to excel despite adversity.

As my classmates stood in the middle of our battalion preparing to start the first day of training, our nerves were everywhere. From across the five battalions close to one-hundred and thirty said they were ready for the challenge, but in this process, words and actions would soon prove to be very different things. Within the first fifteen minutes many were making their way from the field. Even those who were thought to be solid prospects or sure for success in the process were not prepared for the rigors of BVA training. Ephesians 9:11 says, "the race is not given to the swift nor the strong but unto them that endure to the end". As we pushed through the annals of our experience this passage proved true. The difference between those who finished and those who quit was not just strength or athleticism or knowledge, it was the will to finish and a determination to never quit that set us apart.

The will to finish would drive us to do many things we had not done before. As we began each new training we drank water like our lives depended on it, because we knew soon the test and trials would bring our sweat pouring out again. From future officers and former NCAA athletes, to CrossFit competitors, our backgrounds soon became obsolete as we were faced with something our bodies had never experienced and even more so our minds. The countless hours spent in track practice, the focus of the batter's box, the tenacity found on the wrestling mat, or the raw combat in the trenches of the football field did not diminish the long runs, the grind on the deck, or the constant aches of our muscles. We were all the same: We loved and hated it all the same.

With our destination in sight, we were coming to the end of our journey. We had stepped out of our comfort zones and plunged eagerly into the realm of the unknown. The fire consumed some, but refined others, and there we stood in the final moments of our quest. Like heroes of legend, we had had risen as a phoenix from the ashes reborn. We had accomplished the unimaginable and completed the process. That is the essence of the Bond Volunteer Aspirant experience. Anyone can tell you who they are but my brothers and I, we'll show you.

-David Days F-Troop '18



Congratulations to the 2018 Summerall Guards

things got better. And I didn't die after a good wolf pack racking that I got at every lunch formation and mess. For me, that became the norm. I accepted it.

Recognition day was bittersweet. It was a long hard day and I pushed through it knowing that knob year was finally coming to an end. I just had to make it to the end of the day. Up the stairs, down the stairs, mark-time marching for what seemed like hours.

High knees, push-ups. "Why are you here?" "It's never too late." "Why are you here?" Push-ups. "I don't want you to wear my ring." More stairs. "Why are you still here?" Push-ups. Push-ups. Push-ups. "Why?" "Why was I still here?" That's all I could think about. Why? And then it was over and time to be recognized.

A light drizzle started to fall and it felt so good on my hot sweaty face. There were some upperclassmen that recognized me, but more that didn't. I would later find out that this was the least of the issues I was going to have to deal with over the next few years. I walked back to room physically and mentally exhausted and picked up our touchtone phone and dialed my home phone number.

"Hello?"

"Hi, mom. It's me."

"Hello mija! How are you doing?"

"I did it, mom. **I finished.**"

Every Recognition Day I reflect on my first year here and wonder if today's knobs still wonder "why"? Have hope that you will find your answer, and it doesn't have to be same as everyone else's and it doesn't have to be the right answer for your upperclassmen, it just has to be right for you. Know that it can change and evolve into something completely different the following year and the year after that. It just has to make sense for you. I learned a lot about myself knob year and what I was willing to put up with, but more importantly how I wanted to treat other people and how I wanted to be seen by others.

It starts with knowing: "Why are you here?!"

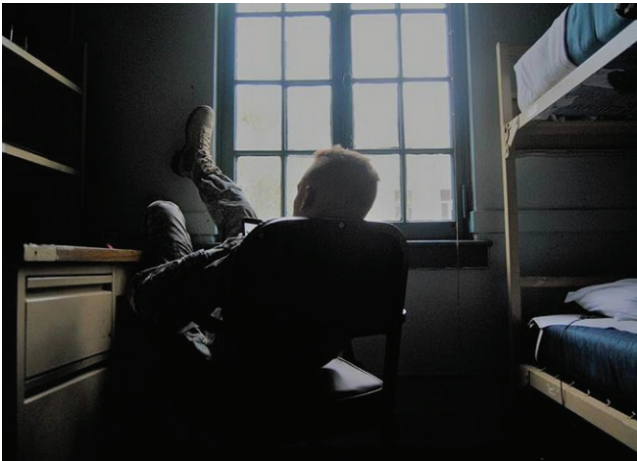
-Anonymous Alumna '02





PICTURED BELOW: From @theelcidcreative

PICTURED ABOVE: From @justchillphotos



PICTURED ABOVE: From @justchillphotos



PICTURED ABOVE AND BELOW: From @theelcidcreative

